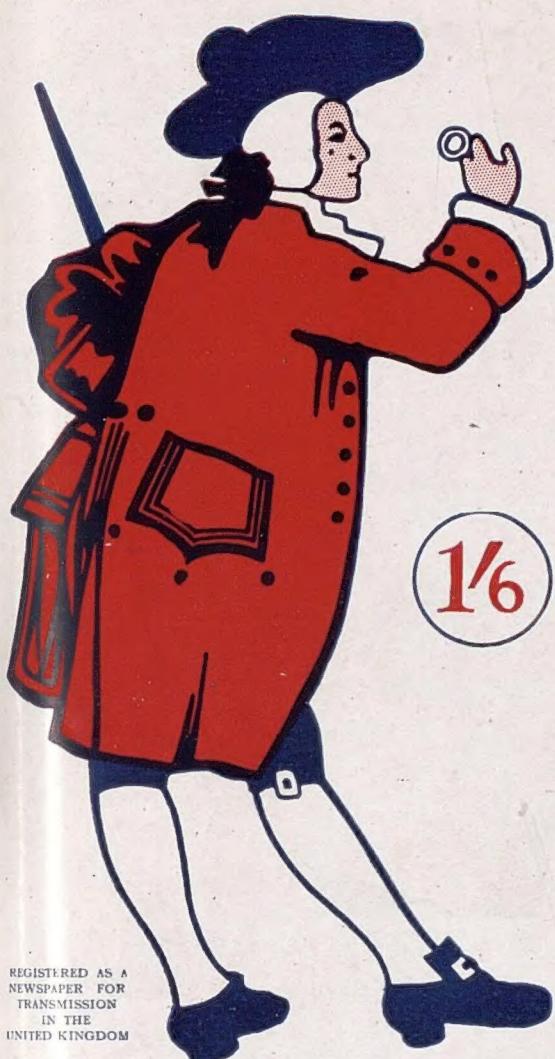


The TATLER and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXI. No. 2229

London

March 15, 1944



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LONDON

MARCH 15, 1944

and BYSTANDER

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Bertram Park

The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Chaplin

The wife of Viscount Chaplin's elder son and heir, Flight Lieutenant Anthony Chaplin, was before her marriage in 1933 Miss Avilde Bridges. Her father was the late Lieutenant-General Sir Tom Bridges, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., a former Governor of South Australia. Her husband's grandfather, the Rt. Hon. Henry Chaplin, created a Viscount in 1916, was a well-known parliamentary figure of the last century and of this. Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in 1885-6, three years later he became the first President of the Board of Agriculture with a seat in the Cabinet. For forty years a Conservative Member of the House of Commons, he represented Lincolnshire and Wimbledon Division of Surrey. The Anthony Chaplins have one daughter, Oenone Clarissa, who was born in 1934



Government Member

Major E. M. Keatinge was recently elected Conservative M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds, thus holding the seat for the Government. Mrs. Keatinge accompanied him to Westminster when he went to take his seat



Icelandic Diplomat

Hr. Stefan Thorvardsson, Icelandic Minister to Britain and the Norwegian Government in London, was previously Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office for six years. He and his wife are seen at the legation in London



Anglo-Hellenic Reception

King George of Greece was guest of honour at the Anglo-Hellenic League's recent reception. He is seen talking to Baronesse Ravensdale and Sir Percy Loraine, chairman of the League and a former British Minister to Athens



Test

THE continuous air offensive over the Continent of Europe is the greatest the world has ever seen. The power of the air weapon is now being put to its real test. The armadas of aeroplanes which take to the skies morning, afternoon and night clearly indicate the strategy of the Allied commanders. Here we see the softening process which we were promised by the Prime Minister not long ago. It would seem that the plan now in operation has not only for its object the reduction of the centres of production belonging to Germany, particularly aircraft factories, but more immediately the saturation and the eventual neutralization of Germany's air power. This is why the great air offensive we are now witnessing is so vital.

Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris has lived for this moment, and all his promises of the past are now in course of fulfilment. But we cannot know the final answer for some time. The key to what is now happening, however, was given by Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air, in the House of Commons the other week. It did not attract much attention at the time, but here is the sentence: "It may well be that historians of the future will look back upon this period between the February and March moons as one of the most decisive stages of the whole war."

Glory

I NEVER see an American airman without a feeling of thankfulness sweeping over me. I never hear their Fortresses zooming in the air without a sense of pride and confidence. This is not meant to be in any way derogatory of the glory which rightly belongs to the pilots of the Royal Air Force. But the Americans are doing an immense job, and now that their full weight is being thrown into the balance of air power, the consequences for Hitler assume a new finality. It says much for the comradeship of the air that the plans of the Royal Air Force and the American Air Forces can be so closely integrated to provide a twenty-four-hour air offensive with such regularity. The Americans, from the moment they arrived in Great Britain, insisted on reposing all their faith in daylight bombing. At the time it seemed that the cost must be too heavy. And, indeed, their daily losses do make an impressive record. But undoubtedly the results achieved against German targets and German fighter aeroplanes are equally impressive and reassuring. This is the measure we must make of the courage and tenacity and wholeheartedness of American airmen among us in this country, to whom I wish to pay this humble tribute.

Prospects

AS I have said before in this column, if the net effect of continuous bombing is merely to interrupt the processes of armament production, or the interference with transport organization in Hitler's Europe, there is a constant problem presented to the German High Command. This, of course, is placing the lowest estimate on the bombing offensive. But let us look at it from a longer range. How can the German General Staff plan for the future even the smallest offensive or scheme of resistance if they are not able to guarantee air security for supplies and the source of

WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

these supplies? Modern war demands the highest degree of efficiency in mechanical production and military organization. The slightest interruption can put a plan out of action. The German generals must now know this more than anybody, and it is difficult to see how they can, like the ordinary people of Germany have to do, persist in relying for the future success of their ideas on Hitler's intuition alone. There must come a point when facts have been bombed into them to such a degree that the outlook becomes militarily hopeless. I suggest that this is the real meaning of the great air offensive which the Allies have launched and are pursuing over Europe.

Success

THERE can be little doubt that the bombing offensive is part of the all-round pressure on Germany which is developing with remarkable success on the Eastern Front by the indomitable courage of the Russians, in the Southern Mediterranean, where General Alexander seems poised to launch an offensive against von Mackensen, and in this country where we await new and unprecedented military operations. Russian strategy has become clearer and more decisive in these last few days as Soviet troops sweep on towards the Carpathians. Marshal Stalin's plan—I am sure we are right in assuming that it is his strategy—is to set the Balkans ablaze to the discomfiture of the Germans politically as well as militarily. The Germans are managing to evade any serious rout by well-timed withdrawals. But quite clearly these withdrawals are no longer as orderly as they were. The German losses in men and material are mounting all the time. In face of such pressure, even though the withdrawals are cleverly manoeuvred, the effect on the morale of the German Army may yet be serious.

But the real test cannot come, of course, until the Germans stand and face the Russian armies in a determined and well-planned battle. Indeed, both sides appear to be avoiding a large-scale encounter of this kind. Until it occurs it will be impossible to judge accurately the state of morale in the German Army. We do know that Russian confidence in all ranks runs high, and why should it not be? They have suffered their set-backs in months of retreat, and now that they are advancing they can view the future with greater calm and courage than the Germans who see all their conquests evaporating like a dream.

Record

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has begun his twelfth year in the White House in Washington. This is a record which has never been surpassed in the United States. It places Mr. Roosevelt at the top of a long list of great Presidents. Whatever may be the political currents which are now swelling across the continent of America, the very fact that he has remained steadfast and stalwart in the courage of his leadership must in the long run have a pronounced effect on the voters who will in a few months time go to the polls to elect a president.

Visitor

MR. EDWARD STETTINIUS is coming to London to have conversations with British ministers in Whitehall. There is nothing



Three Officers Who Received Awards at a Recent Investiture at Buckingham Palace

Major-General Colin McVean Gubbins, D.S.O., M.C., received the C.M.G. in the New Year's Honours. He is on the General Staff at the War Office



Brigadier Gerard W. Lathbury, M.B.E., received the D.S.O. from the King. He comes from Worcestershire, and Mrs. Lathbury went to the investiture with him



Lt.-Gen. Sir Thomas Lionel Hunton, G.O.C. the Royal Marines, awarded the K.C.B. in the New Year's Honours, was another who went to Buckingham Palace to receive his decoration

remarkable about this, nor does it indicate any new development in Anglo-American relations such as would necessitate any sudden consultations. Mr. Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State, has had a standing invitation to come to London for a long time. His health is not such that he can travel abroad as frequently as younger men. But in Washington it is recognized that British ministers cannot do all the visiting. As Mr. Hull's assistant, Mr. Stettinius will fulfil an ideal which has long been in the minds of President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. This is to arrange from time to time an exchange of ministerial visits so that Whitehall as much as Washington can see the workings of the respective Government machines and thereby increase and improve mutual understanding.

Problems

There are numerous problems which Mr. Anthony Eden and Mr. Stettinius can usefully examine. The State Department is

naturally deeply concerned with the trend of events in Argentina. In Whitehall there is a lot of interest in America's anxiety about oil. Oil concessions which America has acquired in Saudi Arabia can carry many implications. If these concessions are to be fully developed, America acquires a responsibility as well as an interest in the Mediterranean. Then, of course, there is the work of the European Advisory Committee in London examining a variety of plans for dealing with Germany after the war. All these are major matters which can be dealt with much more satisfactorily at first hand than by memoranda.

Philosopher

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON has once more resumed his role as the Labour Party's touring philosopher. In his latest speeches he has been examining the future of Parliament and the necessity of modernizing its existing machinery. Naturally he has aroused a lot of criticism by his suggestion that if Parliament

is to handle efficiently the host of post-war problems which will descend on us, it will be necessary to delegate much of its authority. Mr. Morrison would like Parliament to debate and decide on broad principles, leaving interpretation and administration to the Civil Service. In this proposal he puts himself, and would like the rest of the country to assent, in charge of the bureaucracy. This is in accord with Mr. Morrison's previous assertion that existing war controls must be continued after the war. I do not cherish the prospects of bureaucratic bondage as they appear to be outlined by Mr. Morrison, but equally I would not join in the howls of opposition which his speeches have caused among some politicians. Mr. Morrison has had the vision and the courage to bring a real problem to light. It is only in this way that problems can be solved and if Mr. Morrison has caused other people to seek for solutions, there might be a British compromise which will ensure a modernization of our parliamentary machinery to suit the tempo of the times ahead.



Conversation in North Africa

In this picture taken in North Africa before the Sicilian landings, are Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard McCreery, commander of a 5th Army Corps, and Lt.-Gen. Allfrey, who commands a formation in Italy. Gen. McCreery was formerly Chief of Staff to Gen. Alexander in Egypt and North Africa



Inspection in Burma

Some months ago Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, C.-in-C. South-East Asia Command, visited the Burma front, where he inspected officers and men of the Navy, Army and Air Force, and also visited British nurses in the Arakan area. He is seen above with officers of the K.O.S.B.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Long, Dull and Worthy

By James Agate

Shipbuilders (New Gallery) is a very long, very dull, very worthy, very dull, and very long film about shipbuilding on the Clyde. At the press show critics were presented with an elaborate four-leaved programme nearly a foot square, in which a tiny rivulet of text meandered through a meadow of navy-blue margin. This colossal programme contrived to convey the minimum of information. It told us that British National Films Limited were presenting Clive Brook in George Blake's *The Shipbuilders*. Good, because I know who Clive Brook is. Not so good, because I don't know which George Blake this is. Is it George Blake the novelist? I am further told that the film was made and produced at the National Studios at Elstree. Am I to understand that the shipyards of Glasgow were re-erected in the middle of Hertfordshire, and that the Thames consented to flow through Elstree in imitation of the Clyde? Like Rosa Dartle I only want to know. The irritating thing about these programmes is that they contain so much information no critic can possibly want to know. Who cares that the hairdressing was done by Miss X., the make-up by Mr. Y., and the wardrobe superintended by Miss Z.?

THE trouble with this film is the old one of combining propaganda with entertainment. We all know now that disarmament between the two wars was a mistake. On the other hand you cannot make a film out of photographing the grey matter of pacifists, upholders of the League of Nations, and others of the addle-pated brood. All that you can do in picturing disarmament is to photograph the idle shipyards. And I submit that the entertainment value of an idle shipyard lasts exactly one minute. Of course there are the consequences of unemployment—the dispirited wage-earner who no longer earns any wage, the wife gradually turning shrew, the son involved in charges of paternity and murder. And then, I suppose, you can have photographs of Westminster and cabinet ministers undergoing a change of heart. Add some genuine pictures of Hitler, throw in the war, and get somebody to trot along to Elstree and tell the cameraman how the young scallywag makes good by giving his life for the ship his father helped to build, and there you are! Or rather, there Mr. George Blake is. And I repeat that the film is very worthy, very long and very dull. The two principal characters are Clive Brook who has nothing whatever to act, and Morland who has even less. I came away from the cinema convinced that somebody had made a serious effort to deal seriously with a serious subject, and also feeling that I had spent an entirely empty morning. Yes, I know how bored we all are with those stories of the secret aircraft carrier that the Germans know all about, and are resolved to destroy a day or two before its launching. But better that in the cinema than a prosy lecture on

the folly of closing down British shipyards.

PARTICULARLY when the lecture is not too well put together. Let me explain. The shipyards were idle after the last war. Why? Because, says this film, there were already more ships than the world could use. Why, then, build more? What would happen if the trade did build more? Bankruptcy, answers this film. The next question was what was the solution. Whereupon the film proceeded to lay down the following: That Nazi Germany, by declaring war in 1939 saved the British shipyards. Wherefore Hurrah for Nazi Germany!!!!!! The reader will understand that it is not I who am hurrahing but the makers of this film. But then film logic is a thing on its own. It continually tells us that half an industry is better than none. Perhaps it argues that the German is a dirty dog, but that a dirty dog is better than no dog at all.



Anglo-American Co-operation at a Film Script Conference
"Tunisian Victory," which is to be released in London during the next week or so, is the first official film record of the first joint Anglo-American campaign which succeeded in clearing the Nazis from African soil. British and American Service Film Units have co-operated in the production of the film and many are the script conferences which have taken place in the theatre at Pinewood Studios between Captain Anthony Veiller and Colonel Frank Capra (both of the U.S. Army Signal Corps), Major Hugh Stewart (C.O. Army Film Unit), J. L. Hodson (who collaborated in the writing of the commentary), and Captain Roy Boulting (Army Film Unit)

Graham

THE point, of course, is that the question is an economic one, and that the film is not the medium for economic argument, involving the question of distribution of the world's commodities under the régimes of (a) capitalism and (b) communism. The proper business of the film is, I submit, to show us the Lady Provost of Glasgow, if there be such a person, preparing to christen an aircraft carrier with a bottle of Bollinger filled with liquid dynamite, and forestalled by Clive Brook

jumping from the crow's-nest on to the landing-stage.

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves (New Gallery) seems to me to be an entire waste of money and talent. Except that I don't detect any talent. This Technicoloured nonsense is on the level of *Chu Chin Chow*, except that the music is not nearly so good. I repeat that unless the intention is to show this film next Christmas to children of six, then it is a complete waste of energy and brains. Except that I don't detect any brains.

THE essence of farce is that while its incidents are improbable they still remain within the bounds of the possible. (All else is horse-play.) *Standing Room Only* is wholly and totally improbable from start to finish, but it is so innocently absurd and so naïvely impossible that one forgets about farce and consents to horse-play. Certainly nothing, either in plot or character, is new; but the whole thing goes with such a verve and such a bustle that time flies and one is exhilarated and refreshed by the antics of all these most un-life-like loonies.

THE plot is tenuity itself. Lee Stevens (Fred MacMurray) and his self-appointed secretary, Jane Rogers (Paulette Goddard) leave their factory for Washington, hoping to persuade an influential official there to do some important government deal. They are never allowed to see him, and Washington being chock-a-block full of natives and guests, they cannot find anywhere to sleep. In the first room they take they are mistaken for a couple of servants, Jane having answered an advertisement for a maid in order to secure lodgings for the night. Then, of course, the influential official turns up, likewise a rival of Fred's who wants to secure the important government deal. And so, of course, they all get mixed up, and they all sort themselves out again, and all ends well for the good and evilly for the bad. Besides all this, there is Edward Arnold who, in order to further his employee Fred's scheme, also becomes a servant. Which the large urbane creature plays to perfection, with an English accent and just the right amount of bowing and scraping. That both he and Fred upset the food over master and rival in careful impartiality is part of the plot. But then never, since the palmy days of pantomime, were such servants. Fred hides his master's pants—he having installed himself in the house of the influential government official—until he has signed Fred's contract. He and Paulette forget to cook the turkey for dinner and hide all the crockery away. He also falls full length on the carpet while serving cocktails. And, of course, the three "servants" drink the champagne destined for the guests.

So you see what sort of clowning this is. It must be funny, for the laughter from the critics at the pre-view often drowned the actors' lines. And the thing is consummately acted by everybody. Fred MacMurray is more genial, and Roland Young more charming than ever; Edward Arnold plays Edward Arnold for all Edward Arnold is worth; while in the matter of Paulette Goddard I leave readers to pronounce for themselves, this young woman being one of my blind spots.

Love And Hate

"The Hard Way"—A Drama Of Emotions



Helen Chernen (Ida Lupino) plans to escape her sordid small-town existence through the talent of her kid sister Katherine. She marries the girl to a vaudeville artist, Albert Runkel (Jack Carson) who takes her into his act with Paul Collins (Dennis Morgan).

Ida Lupino's dramatic acting in *The Hard Way*, which is at the Regal (March 17), has been voted by the New York Critics' Circle as the finest performance of the year. The film is based on the fundamental emotions of love, hate, avarice and ambition. A clever, calculating woman (played by Ida Lupino) seeks worldly success through the dancing skill of her young sister (Joan Leslie). She succeeds beyond her wildest dreams, only to find the answer to it all in the dank darkness of the harbour swill.



Helen's sister, Katherine, proves a success. She is spotted by a famous producer and given a job provided she will leave her husband Runkel (Joan Leslie, Jack Carson).



Fame follows. Runkel, dazzled by his wife's success, and heartbroken by her refusal to have anything to do with him, commits suicide (Jack Carson, Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie).



Katherine and Helen go to Runkel's funeral together and meet again Paul Collins who is now a successful band leader. Collins (Dennis Morgan) is contemptuous of them both.



Katherine, genuinely upset, loses her old sparkle and some of her success. She goes to Paul but is followed by her sister who is determined not to let her go. Her next appearance on the stage is a complete failure and Helen, realizing she has failed and has nothing now to live for, jumps into the harbour.

The Theatre

Shakespeare at The Scala

By Horace Horsnell

IT takes all sorts to make an audience, especially an audience for Shakespeare. From the playgoer who is seeing, say, *The Merchant of Venice* in action for the first time, to the stall-fed critic who has seen good, bad, and indifferent productions of this star-spangled comedy *ad nauseam*, the range of spectators is wide. It includes those fond, uncritical worshippers who extend to almost any well-meaning performance that love which borders on bardolatry, and the fastidious who cannot bear him in less than star-sponsored brilliance and spectacular attire, and simply detest him "on the air."

The actor-manager who aspires to create and lead a regular Shakespearean repertory company needs to be something more than an egregious optimist. His personal equipment would seem to call on the patience of Job, the touch of Midas (which turned all to gold), the self-satisfaction of Narcissus, and the managerial flair of Lilian Baylis. A *soupçon* of genius to top up with does no harm.

MR. DONALD WOLFIT is an enthusiastic, and is rapidly becoming an important, actor. He has chosen to exercise his zeal and talents in an illustrious field (the Shakespearean) which is not overcrowded, and where the competition is not severe. Having seen, with increasing pleasure and admiration, several of the productions included in his present season at the Scala, I feel that he has chosen well.

He has so far succeeded in establishing himself and his company as to tour the

provinces regularly between visits to London, and he may be regarded as a likely successor to Benson, who sharpened his good-natured productions with touches of personal genius.

lies in his own performances, and his honest-to-goodness presentation of the plays.

His productions at the Scala are straightforward, neither sentimentalized to titillate the injudicious, nor fantasized to flatter the snob. The settings are austere but serviceable, and do not smother the action. The stories of the plays are clearly told. And no one could doubt that he himself not only loves Shakespeare, but understands and respects him. He speaks verse well and with explicit sensibility. His technical equipment is versatile and can meet the varying demands of a wide range of parts.

Three of those parts included in his present



Sketches by
Tom Titt

Richard, "cheated of feature by dissembling nature, deformed, unfinished," mocks the sufferings of Margaret, widow of King Henry VI (Ann Chalkley)



Richard, Duke of Gloucester, later King Richard III (Donald Wolfit), is denounced by his brother's wife, Elizabeth, Queen to King Edward IV (Elisabeth Bayly)

and whose devoted company, so liberally recruited, became a national institution. That company was also the cradle of actors who, having achieved maturer fame, made it their proud boast that they were Old Bensonians.

Mr. Wolfit has a comparable prospect before him. He may prove to be more consistently a good actor than Benson, who was a man of many sociable interests and idiosyncrasies. Mr. Wolfit's managerial problems, particularly in times like these, must be fraught with hazards and strenuous anxieties. The recruiting and maintenance at full strength, numerically and artistically, of such a company as he needs, can be no joke. And an excusable weakness of his present season is in its personnel. This may be remedied, however, in happier days to come. Its strength

season—Othello, Richard the Third, and Volpone—seem especially congenial to him, and test and vindicate his quality. His Volpone is a rich, resourceful embodiment of Jonsonian humours. His Othello's jealous fires (though somewhat tamely stoked by Iago) smoulder, and presently blaze with startling power, and the smothering of Desdemona, which puts out the light, stirs both the embers of tragic love and one's pity with heart-stinging poignancy. His Richard the Third, that crook-backed homicidal dynast, is no mere *tour de force* of bloodshot declamation, but an admirably coloured study in renaissance villainy.

He has in Miss Rosalind Iden a leading lady of parts, a moon to his sun, perhaps, for she is cast in a smaller mould. She, too, rises with steady devotion to the lesser demands of Shakespeare's heroines, and meets her opportunities with courage, skill and sensibility. Her Desdemona has character, and her Portia is memorable.

MR. WOLFIT has so arranged the programme of this repertory season that each week now offers a generous selection of plays to choose from. It includes *Hamlet*, of course, *As You Like It*, and Ibsen's strange parable, *The Master Builder*. And since the season is no longer threatened with official curtailment, but will run its appointed course, liberal education in these noble classics, and complementary pleasure in their action and variety, go hand in hand.

Informally at Home

Gabrielle Brune, Actress Wife of Lieut.-Colonel
Walter Currie, U.S. Army



Family Portrait: Gay and Her Young Family of Dachshunds

• Gabrielle Brune, British-born daughter of Australian musical-comedy-star Adrienne Brune, and wife of Lieut.-Col. Walter Currie, the founder of the American Eagle Club in Great Britain and the first American officer to be commissioned over here, is playing with great success in the Jack Hulbert show *Something in the Air*, at the Palace. A film, stage and cabaret favourite, equally well-known in London and in New York, "Gay," as she is always known, is a vital and happy personality. Her dachshund has recently presented her with a young family, of which the eldest son is shortly to be presented as mascot to a U.S. Air Squadron. These photo-



A quiet evening at home finds Gay in a simple black dinner-frock. She is standing below Arthur Ferrier's recent portrait of herself

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



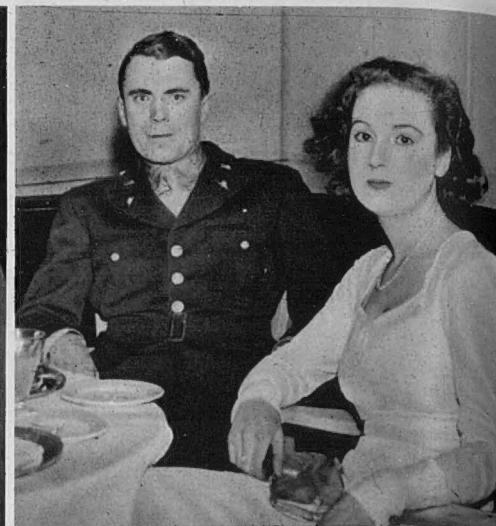
No cupboard loves this, for Gay



Capt. the Hon. John D. Berry,
Grenadier Guards, and Mrs. de Lisle



Major Curtis Buyers and the
Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley



The Maclean of Lochbuie,
Black Watch, and his wife

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Lend Me a Hat?

Palace servants are prepared for many odd questions. Yet surely one of the strangest must be the request for the loan of a hat. And it frequently happens these days; in fact, at nearly every investiture lady guests, anxious to see their menfolk decorated by the King, arrive hatless, unaware that they will not be allowed to take their seats in the Investiture Room bareheaded. Several times maid-servants at the Palace have come to the rescue with the loan of scarves and berets. It is one of the few strict rules still adhered to at the Palace, for the King, fully aware of the difficulties of clothes rationing, has waived many of the restrictions of peacetime, and no one is likely to be barred from attendance at a Royal function these days on the grounds of informal attire. Many of the men guests—not in uniform—wear formal morning tail-coats, but there are also many in lounge suits, usually dark in colour, in keeping with the semi-formality of the occasion.

Princess Royal in Town

THE Princess Royal has been spending a few weeks in London, staying at the Palace instead of occupying the suite of rooms lent her by the King at St. James's Palace. Besides her official activities, H.R.H. has fulfilled many private engagements and has received a number of visitors, both official and private, at the Palace. Among these has been Chief Commandant Mrs. Whateley, Director of the A.T.S., who, besides being a personal friend, has many conferences with H.R.H. on the affairs of the A.T.S. When she dined with the Princess at Buckingham Palace a few nights ago, the two sat together till quite a late hour talking over various matters of importance concerning the girls of the Army.

The Chancellor's Home

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lady Anderson have not taken up their residence at 11, Downing Street, which is officially the home of Chancellors of the Exchequer, but instead have decided to remain at the charming house in Lord North Street which has been Lady Anderson's for some years, from days when she was the wife of the late Mr. Ralph Wigram, of the Foreign Office. This house is actually two houses which at some time in the past have been thrown into one with excellent results. The walls throughout have been

painted a pale cream, with ceilings a light blush-rose tint, the only real touch of vivid colouring being the blue in the Aubusson carpet in the drawing-room and the shrimp-pink satin of the buttoned upholstery of the Louis Quinze chairs in the same room. Just now Lady Anderson is busy on some tapestry in *gros point*, in which these colours are repeated. Among the things which she cherishes most is the collection of white Nymphenburg china horses, which occupy a corner cupboard, and the fine *petit-point* work done by her late husband, which he learned to do from her when his health prevented him going out much, and was a welcome alternative to reading.



Engaged: Miss Jane Orde

The younger daughter of Capt. Cuthbert and Lady Eileen Orde, and niece of the Duke of Wellington, is to marry Major David Macindoe on April 1. He was Captain of the School at Eton and a Cricket Blue at Oxford

Queen Charlotte's Ball (Part II)

THE second half of Queen Charlotte's Debutante Ball at Grosvenor House was as successful as the first, and the hospital should benefit even more by these double events than formerly, for it enables a far greater number of people to be present than would otherwise be possible. Although it is usual for debutantes in general to wear white frocks, this time there were quite a few who had chosen other colours. Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton's 5 ft. 11 in. daughter, Ann, was in pink; Miss Georgina Philippi (W/Cdr. and Mrs. Philippi's lovely blonde girl) had a pink sash, and pink ribbon in her hair, making quite a Romney picture effect; and Lady Leverhulme's auburn-haired daughter, Miss Patricia Lee Morris, had pale-blue shoes, blue and white flowers in her hair, and a blue bag, all matching her aquamarine pendant. The Philippis were at a table with Mrs. Macaulay, whose debutante girl, Patricia, was quite outstanding in white, a bunch of freesias tied with white ribbon on her wrist. At this table I also saw Lord and Lady Vaughan.

Among the Dancers

Lord Delamere's pretty red-headed daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley, was wearing a chalk-white, long-sleeved frock; most of the others had chosen either sleeveless dresses or ones with tiny sleeves. With her was Lady Gisborough's debutante daughter of last year, the Hon. Mary Chaloner, and the Hon. Mrs. Gardner, who was wearing her aquamarines with a black frock which had huge puffed sleeves glittering with blue sequins. Two sisters who joined up at Lady Hambro's table were Miss Dione (who is at the Foreign Office) and Miss Xanthe Dudley Ryder (who is studying at Oxford). Lady Hambro had her step-daughter, Pamela, with her, and Mr. Hugh Pitman his daughter Rose. Needless to say, Lady Hamond-Graeme had her usual big table, this time rivalled in size by that of Lord and Lady Basing. Marie Lady Willington danced as energetically as Lady Hamond-Graeme, and both obviously enjoyed the evening. Among others dancing was the tall Lady Caroline Churchill with the Master of Sinclair.

Service Men's Families

WONDERFUL work is being done for the wives and children of the men of our fighting forces at the Clothing Depot of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association in Cadogan Square. There are branches of the Association all over Britain, and here individual cases are investigated and personal advice and care given, application for clothing being made by the branch concerned to headquarters.

A tremendous amount of the clothing which has been distributed has been sent from overseas. Some has come from America, some from Canada (under the auspices of the Maple Leaf Fund of Canada, Canadian Red Cross). (Continued on page 330)



Major D. McLean, Scots Greys, and
Princess Marie Adelaide of Luxembourg



Lt. J. A. Kevill and Princess Elizabeth of Luxembourg



Mrs. R. Critchley and
Prince Jean of Luxembourg

Second Edition, 1944

Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball Held
at Grosvenor House

The second half of the Ball in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital took place not long ago. A large number of this year's debutantes were present, and many of their parents entertained parties. Pictures of some people who enjoyed the evening's amusement are shown on these pages



Miss Cherry Henderson-Scott, the Master of Sinclair, Lady
Caroline Spencer-Churchill and Capt. O. Chesterton



The Hon. Martin Fitzalan Howard
and the Hon. Patricia Stourton



Miss Jacqueline Laing
and Lt. Peter Laing



Mr. R. Oliphant, Miss Patricia Macauley, Capt. H.
Merrilat, Miss Georgina Phillipi, F/O. Anthony Bryan



Lady Hamond-Graeme, Chairman of
the Ball, cut the big birthday cake

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

and the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire, etc.), and some from South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. Last year alone 1,000,073 garments and over 10,000 layettes were distributed to the families of the three Services, to say nothing of over 22,000 pairs of boots and shoes.

Workers

PRACTICALLY the entire staff of the Association are voluntary workers. Hilda, Duchess of Richmond and Gordon is the acting chairman; Mrs. Seary-Mercer is the honorary organiser. (Mrs. Seary-Mercer has run the Belgravia workrooms since 1919, and took over the S.S.A.F.A. clothing depot early in 1942, since when she has combined the organisation of the two.) Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox, a sister-in-law of Hilda, Duchess of Richmond, is a regular worker. Her son, Col. George Gordon-Lennox, is in the Grenadier Guards, and recent information reaching this country have told magnificent reports of his bravery and fearless leadership on the beachhead at Anzio. Another proud mother working at the depot is Lady Riddell-Webster, the wife of the Quarter-Master-General. She has two sons serving, and recently went to the Palace with one of them when he was decorated by the King with the D.S.O.



Forgan, Perth

Lt. R. S. Stewart-Stevens.

The eldest son of the late Mr. Aubyn Wilson and of Mrs. Greville Stewart-Stevens, of Balnakeilly, Perthshire, came of age in January. He is in the Rifle Brigade, and went overseas two years ago



Swabe

Guards' Chapel Christening

Mrs. Pike, wife of Lt.-Col. C. E. Pike, M.B.E., Grenadier Guards, is seen with her son, Max Eben Lecky Pike, and the Countess of Ronaldshay, one of the godmothers, after the baby's christening



Swabe

Dining Out in London

Miss Mary Mulholland, whose parents, the Hon. John and Mrs. Mulholland, were entertaining a party at the Mirabell, sat next to Major D. Bevan. She is a niece of Lord Dunleath



Going-Away Party

Col. George S. Deoderick, Head of the Supply Division, Air Transport Command in Europe, had Miss Peggy Blessington on his left at a party on the eve of his departure for the U.S.A.

Mrs. Sandars, another regular worker, is a grandmother. Her only grandson is Brigadier Jim Hill, who served with his regiment in France, and was in the evacuation of our troops from Dunkirk. He was awarded the M.C., and when later he joined the Paratroops, was promoted Colonel, and with his men was amongst the first Paratroops to land in North Africa. He was awarded the D.S.O. on the field for his gallantry in this theatre of war, and was also decorated by the Fighting French for the part he played in holding a small town, whose inhabitants were antagonistic to the Allies, until the main forces arrived. Mrs. Sandars' only granddaughter was killed while serving as a ferry pilot in the A.T.A. Other helpers at the depot include Mrs. Henry Hoare, Lady Kell, Miss Wigham and Mrs. Marshall, who is in charge of the workroom, where the most wonderful clothes are turned out. Her Majesty the Queen recently visited this depot

and spent two hours there going round the various rooms and taking the greatest interest in everything. (Pictures taken at the depot appear on page 343.)

Fashionable Bus Stop

LONDON has seen many changes in the last few years. In Edwardian days Park Lane was the stronghold of the millionaires: it is now chiefly luxury hotels and modern flats, and Kensington Palace Gardens instead became known as "Millionaires' Row" just before the war. Grosvenor Street, at one time entirely residential, and the scene of many social gatherings, is now one of the most fashionable streets for dressmakers. But who would have thought a few years ago that we should ever come to the day of the most fashionable "Bus stop"? That title, I am sure, can easily be claimed by the Green Park stop. When you

(Concluded on page 344)



Discussing Affairs of the Land

Richardson, Worcester

Women's Land Army officials met representatives of the Worcestershire Land Girls Council at Shirehall, Worcester. Present were Miss L. C. Fruin, Mrs. R. C. Wood, Miss K. C. Hodgson, Mrs. G. T. Coombs, Mrs. T. C. H. Lea, Lady Denman (Director of the W.L.A.), the Hon. Mrs. Burrell and Mrs. C. E. Jenkins



Engaged

Lord Rupert Nevill and
Lady Camilla Wallop



Lord Rupert Nevill: by Olive Snell



Lady Camilla Wallop

The engagement of Lord Rupert Charles Montacute Larnach-Nevill, younger son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, to Lady Camilla Wallop was announced in February. Lady Camilla is the nineteen-year-old daughter of the Earl of Portsmouth, and of Mrs. John How. Her mother is an officer in the W.A.A.F. Lord Rupert, who is twenty-one, is serving in the Royal Horse Guards; his elder brother, the Earl of Lewes, is in the Life Guards.

Photographs by Harlip

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

GERMAN reports from Athens say the Parthenon is decaying and its foundations are in danger. One would think it were jealous of the dead and doomed monuments of Italy, equally irreplaceable.

Perhaps the Parthenon's hour has come. It must be very tired—since the great golden statue of Pallas Athene vanished—of standing on its high rock, century after century under the same blinding blue skies, lonely and decrepit, watching the world get steadily uglier. The Turk treated it pretty badly, storing gunpowder in it and using it for a quarry. It was better off when, by some odd twist in Byzantine fortunes, the Catalans held it for some eighty years in the early Middle Ages as a Christian basilica. Then the Venetians lobbed cannonball at it, and much later Lord Elgin stripped away half the façade for purely altruist reasons, as those of the Race invariably are (see Byron). Since that day the Parthenon has endured being snapshotted by a myriad unattractive shapes in bowler and other hats, and it has seen Isadora Duncan prancing barefoot before it, and archdeacons and maiden ladies on Hellenic Club cruises sweeping it with a cool level gaze and saying in crisp, cool voices yes, yes, assuredly, oh, yes, indubitably, yes, yes, quite so, most certainly, I agree, undoubtedly.

The Parthenon is very old and tired, and it cannot live for ever. It may be coming to its end?

Footnote

YOU need consoling after that, we guess. Listen:

"Why so glum, my Lad (or my Lass, as the case may be)? Do you not know that you also must Come to an End? Why, that woman of Étaples who sold such Southern wine for the dissipation of the Picardian Mist. . . ." But you probably know by heart, as we do, this exquisite Bellocian passage, with its haunting cadences and its final fruition and repose. "But evil also is perishable and bad men meet their Judge. Be comforted."

With such music in our ears, let us, as Mr. Sponge would say, muzzle on.

Hideout

ONE of the showplaces of Paris into which the Gestapo least often sticks its ugly snoot nowadays, we imagine, is the Catacombs, in the Montmartre quarter. Those Gallo-Roman underground quarries were a headquarters for tough and outlawed citizens centuries ago. According to a neutral, they are now in use again by the Underground Movement.

Still more, undoubtedly, does the Gestapo refrain from indiscreet curiosity at St. Emilion near Bordeaux, the heart of the claret country, where the maze of prehistoric catacombs is bewildering. It was here that for some weeks the heroic Mme. Bouquey sheltered the seven hunted Girondin deputies in 1793 when the Jacobins all over France were after their blood. In Mme. Bouquey's garden was (and is) a square stone well of terrific depth with footholds in the walls. Down this well climbed Barbaroux, Pétion, Louvet, Valady, Guadet, Buzot, and Salle, into the cave adjoining, according to the local story. Actually they used a masked entrance close by, where a modern flight of steps replaces the ladder which led thirty feet down to the *Grotte des Girondins*. No Jacobin commissar or spy dared risk his life in the St. Emilion catacombs in 1793. In 1944, we guess, the Gestapo exercises the same prudence. One torch-flash would do them all in.



"Bale out when the alert goes"

Souvenir

A CITIZEN who found a horse-shoe in his grate has been complaining bitterly to the Press. That's what coal-merchants get for kindly thoughts.

There was probably a Big Human Story or tear-jerker behind that horse-shoe, which the busy Press boys haven't had time to dig up. It may have belonged to the coal-merchant's favourite horse, who fed with the family and whose features reminded him of some loved one—Aunt Emily, or Ruby, or Mrs. Higsworth. Osbert Sitwell has remarked how purple hunting-men all over mud and blood, fresh from the tearing of live foxes in pieces, will pause on the journey home to give a cartier in charge for beating his horse. Their emotion is personal. Every hunting-man has been in love at some time with a woman with large teeth and a long face who whinnies when tossed a lump of sugar at tea-time. Even Chopin, far removed from a hunting-man, always kept an apple in his pocket for George Sand, temperamental as that big girl was. Fortunately he had an English groom from Chantilly.

"Hep! Là, là, là!"

"Keep from be'ind 'er, sir, for Gawd's sake!"

"Her ears, Smith—she lays them back. That is bad, hein?"

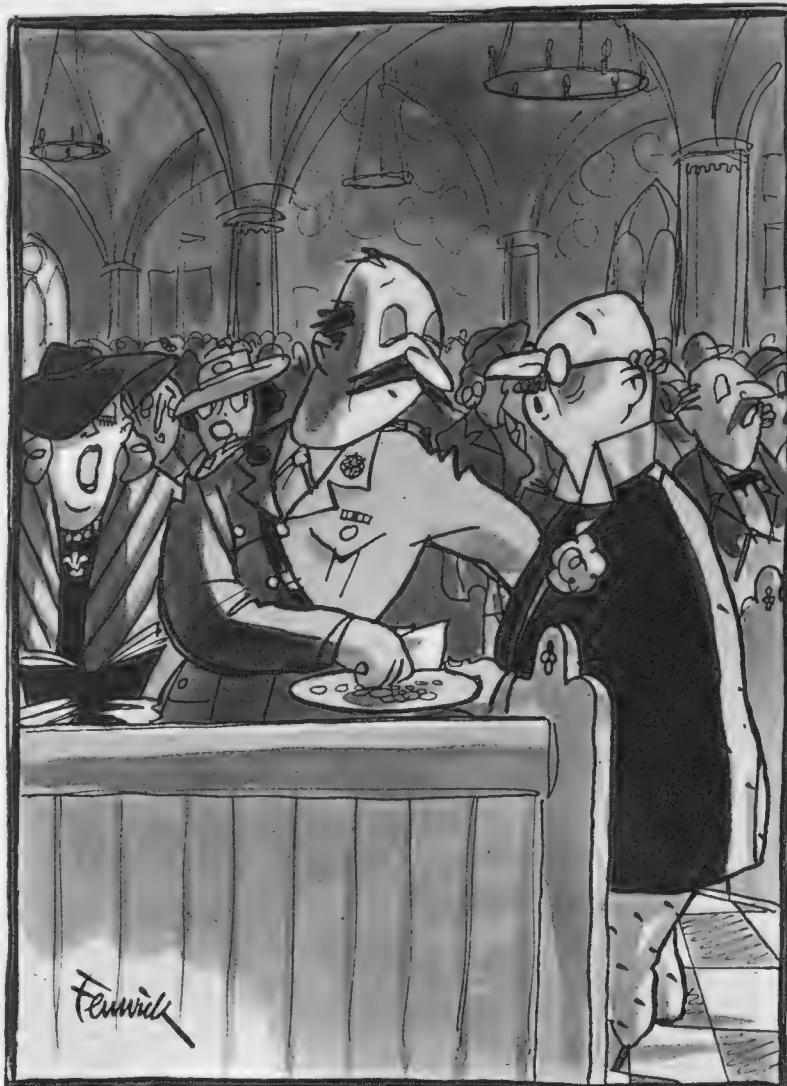
"Corblimey, sir, be careful! Kicked 'er loose-box nearly to pieces yesterday, she did."

"Hep! Voilà! . . . Oh, mon Dieu!"

"There you are, sir! Gurback there, Miss! Ah, woldyer?"

So, in our unfortunate view, the coal-merchant impulsively chose a customer he loved and admired and slipped Blackberry's shoe privily into that

(Concluded on page 334)



"Never seen an I.O.U. before?"

Evening News

Round the London Restaurants



Capt. Avery and Lady Grenfell dined at Ciro's. She married Lord Grenfell in 1932, and was formerly Miss Betty Shaughnessy



Cousins in conversation at the Mirabell were Miss Patience Brand, Lady Rosabelle Brand's daughter, and Capt. Philip Fielden, M.C.



Cmdr. Earl Beatty, D.S.C., R.N., entertained Mrs. D. Bragg to dinner at the Bagatelle



Round this table at the Mirabell were Miss J. Meller, Mrs. John Roscoe, Capt. Arthur Unwin, and Lord and Lady Rendlesham. A sixth member of the party hid from the photographer



Major Harry Llewellyn (he rode second and fourth in pre-war Grand Nationals), the Hon. Christine Saumarez and Mr. D. Llewellyn, dined at the Bagatelle

Photographs by Swaebe



Four young marrieds waiting for their table at the Bagatelle were Capt. Peter Holdsworth-Hunt, Major and Mrs. John Madden and Mrs. Holdsworth-Hunt

Standing By ...

(Continued)

month's ration. Not without a tear, brushed away with a large, dirty hand.

Chum

MOSQUITOES blown by the wind from the Axis lines started the El Alamein attack two days earlier than was scheduled, it appears, the High Command deducing that the Boche had been enjoying a dose of malaria.

The anopheles or malarial mosquito has not yet been exploited in warfare, though you'd think she was an obvious subject for the science boys. Blown in suitable quantities from special guns, with a favourable wind, she could lay an Army corps prostrate in no time, however tough. Nothing takes the mind off soldiering like a visit from this tiny melodious insect chum, and she picks on generals and high brass-hats with special relish knowing their blood to be vintage. There was a mosquito in World War I, a chap tells us, who took a crack at General Sarrail himself, G.O.C. Balkan Forces. One may guess that after that experience the rest of her lifework seemed as unattractive as Empire sherry seems nowadays to Warner Allen.

If the anopheles is ever thus employed, British science at least has the answer to enemy action ready, namely a special corps of County cricketers smeared with some ointment irresistible to mosquitoes. It is well known to science that women who bite cricketers and draw blood die instantly, frozen by that appalling chill. Vampire-bats equally (hence the old triumphant cry "Owzat, vampire?"). Even more so mosquitoes.

Knobkerry

SOME whiffling pedant giving tongue about Fighting France has been getting himself in a nice tangle, as pedants will, with the case of the celebrated Bishop of Beauvais—the one who fought at the battle of Bouvines, 1217—and the case of the French clergy conscripted for active service in World War I. They have nothing in common, as this whiffler seemed to think.

The French clergy fought with rifles and machine-guns because the Third Republic

made them, in defiance of Canon Law, which forbids bloodshed. His Lordship of Beauvais, an eccentric, fought from choice and without infringing the letter of Canon Law, for he used a club instead of a sword, giving Kaiser Otto's mailed horsemen sick headaches, concussion and sweet dreams. He was the last, and so far as we know, the only bishop to take the field, his action was not approved, and we guess there will never be any perturbation caused at the Athenaeum at teatime by a low, respectful murmur. . . .

"Your tea and muffins, my lord."

"Thank you, William."

"And—er—the Chaplain-General just rung up, my lord. Parade 0800 hours, battle-order. Your club has just arrived, my lord, and the bootboy is giving it a hoiling."

"Coo!"

What cry his Lordship of Beauvais uttered as he charged into the merrymaking is not recorded. Any modern episcopal imitators might profitably use "Floreat Etona!" or even "Virtute et Industria!"—the fighting cry, incidentally, of the Great Western Railway. Or even "Per ardua ad Astor!" the rally-howl of Auntie *Times*'s Iron Division as they gallop into the fray.

Rap

DESCRIBING the Poet Laureate's recent official tribute to the Red Army as "a poem with hiccups," a pernickety critic forbore to add "like all other State poems."

Poets and pigs—you can't drive them. Our only rebel Laureate, Robert Bridges, who said he'd be damned if he'd ever write a line to order, was right, however much he shocked the Palace officials. And chaps who call Lord Salisbury a cynic for giving Alfred Austin the job in the 1890's are talking through their bowlers. Salisbury knew

that a poet who can turn out lines like:

He fell upon his hands in warm wet slop,

and:

He was, 't must be allowed,

A man of whom might any girl be proud,

—is just the boy for a good State Ode.

Austin's only rival, in fact, was that contemporary Babu poet who wrote the incomparable lines on Queen Victoria's death:

Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes,
Into her tomb the Great Queen dashes.

Obviously the Laureateship should be confined to Babus, who could whack out first-rate stuff at a moment's notice, including that triumphal Second Front Ode we are all waiting for, beginning:—

When suffering from chilblains, corns, or blisters,
It hurts to run—how do you like it, Misters?

Trove

ARCHAEOLOGISTS must be wagging their long furry ears everywhere over that 2500 B.C. grave just ploughed up by a County Carlow (Eire) farmer. One of the most important discoveries of the century, says Auntie *Times*.

Richly-decorated pottery and a polished and skilfully-cut stone axe-head were found in the grave. Pottery to give to attractive women, axes to hit them with when fractious—evidently the prehistoric Irish were pretty human as well as civilised. One is too apt, judging by Yeats's plays, to think of them as lounging round in a sort of moonshiny fog of fairy harps and human-headed birds.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Frankie's Faces

Frances Marsden Singing "Fresh as a Daisy" in "Panama Hattie"

Frances (Frankie) Marsden is the American soubrette of *Panama Hattie*, the Cole Porter musical at the Piccadilly, in which Bebe Daniels, supported by Max Wall, Ronald Fortt, Claude Hulbert and Richard Hearne, plays the name-part. She comes from one of the oldest theatrical families on Broadway, has been described as a combination of Jean Harlow and Betty Hutton, and crams a lively load of personality into her 5 ft. 4 in. As for her capacity to make faces, these pictures tell all. Her husband, Teddie Beaumont, is the show's stage director and a brother of Roma Beaumont (*The Dancing Years*)

Photographs by George

"Shy as a Violet"

"Mean as a Miser"

"Fresh as a Daisy"

"Wild as a Tiger"



"Sour as a Lemon"



"Mad as a Hatter"



"Drunk as a Fool"





Mrs. Gordon Thomson was married in 1938 in Dornach Cathedral, and her husband is an Advocate in Edinburgh. They have three little girls, Betty, Margaret and Louise. Mrs. Thomson is the granddaughter of the late Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburg, who was born in Dunfermline, Scotland



Mrs. Ingleby-Mackenzie, seen with her children, Felicity Jane and Alexander Colin, is the wife of Surg.-Capt. Alec Ingleby-Mackenzie, R.N., a well-known cricketer and Oxford Blue. Mrs. Mackenzie, Commandant of the British Red Cross, has nursed for three years in hospital, and is now at London headquarters. She is the daughter of the late Judge Longstaffe and Lady Tindall Atkinson



The Countess of Suffolk is the widow of the late Earl of Suffolk, who was killed through enemy action in 1941, and posthumously awarded the George Cross. She has three sons, the eldest is the present Earl, and the youngest, Patrick Greville, is in this picture with her. Lady Suffolk, daughter of the late Mr. A. G. Forde-Pigott, will be remembered as Mimi Crawford, the actress

Family Pictures



Mrs. Garner-Smith, wife of Lt.-Col. Kenneth Garner-Smith, Seaforth Highlanders, was formerly Miss Mary Macdonald, and is the daughter of Lt.-Col. R. S. Macdonald, D.S.O. She was married in 1933, and has two daughters, Mary-Jean and Caroline. One of the first members of the Women's Home Guard, Mrs. Macdonald is attached to a Newfoundland Forestry unit



Barrington-Ward married Sir Lancelot Ward, K.C.V.O., as his second wife, in 1938. Their son is called Edward James. Lady Barrington-Ward was Miss Mamie Reuter, and is the daughter of the late Mr. E. G. Reuter, of Harrogate.



Mrs. Quentin Hogg, seen here with her year-old son, Nicholas James Dacres, is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Weatherby, of Stanton House, Oxfordshire. Her husband, Lt.-Col. Quentin Hogg, is in the Devonshire Regt.



Mrs. M. S. Williams was Miss Joy Holdsworth Hunt, before her marriage in 1942. Her husband, Mr. Michael S. Williams, son of the Rev. F. S. and Mrs. Williams, of Aymond Grange, Eastbourne, is in the Diplomatic Service.



Viscountess Bury, wife of the Earl of Albemarle's eldest son, was photographed with her second daughter, Rose Deirdre Margaret, who was born last December. Lady Bury, who is the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry's youngest daughter, is a member of the Women's Legion, of which her mother is President.



Lady Georgiana Kidston has one son, who is now seven years old. Lady Georgiana is the daughter of Earl Howe by his first marriage. Her father, as Viscount Curzon, sat as Unionist M.P. for South Battersea from 1918 to 1929, and was a Junior Lord of the Treasury for three years. He was R.N.V.R. A.D.C. to King George V.

Photographs by Marcus Adams,
Compton Collier, Swaebe, Dorothy
Wilding, Yevonde, Yerbury



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Discoverer of Penicillin : Professor Alexander Fleming, M.B., B.S., F.R.C.S., F.R.S.

Professor Alexander Fleming, Professor of Bacteriology at the University of London and St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, is the man whose research work led to the discovery of Penicillin, the drug now being used to combat wound infection among fighting troops. Although early attempts to concentrate Penicillin had little success, Professor Fleming has used it for differential culture since 1929. Its use for practical therapeutic purposes remained suspended until research was recently continued at Oxford. Last year the American Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Association Award was presented to Professor Fleming for his work in connection with the drug. It is not generally known that Professor Fleming served as a private in the London Scottish for fourteen years. During the last war, he was a captain in the R.A.M.C., being mentioned in despatches

Pictures in the Fine

By "Sabretache"

The 1st Guards

THE Iron Duke never gave the order, which is so often wrongly quoted, upon that historic occasion! There was no need! They want no bidding from anyone: Cook's son, Duke's son, son of a belted Earl, they are all trained in the same fine tradition. They have not been called "The Plumbers" for nothing. Grenadiers, Coldstreams, Scots, Irish, Welch; pick 'em at random! They need no Press publicity—in fact, they would just as soon be without it. But sometimes it is unavoidable that they should be "put in the book." Batmen, clerks, cooks—they've just been extolled for standing and fighting against impossible odds. They were Guardsmen, a short title good enough for the best man that ever drew the breath of life. The surprise would have been if they had not done it.

The Springers

THEIR old General's shade, ever watchful over the exploits of every unit which ever came under his command, I feel sure is proud of them. Marlborough knew for certain what the Lincolns were when they fought at Blenheim; probably he had found out before then, and did not need the endorsement which Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet provided. And now the Duke can look at the Low Countries again; also at Salerno beaches, plus many another bloody fight, and say: "I told you so! I knew that old tradition would stick!" The Lincolns were one of the first regiments into this scrap: they have been in almost everything that has happened before Dunkirk and after it, and I have no doubt they will run true to form and be in the first flight of those who pull down the present hunted fox. They were the first regiments to enter the Boer States in the South African War, and I will lay Great Tom to a peanut upon the Intuition General having failed to find a bit to hold them. Here's one for Puzzles Corner: "Which infantry regiment of the British Army was once clothed in blue coats, red waistcoats, breeches and stockings,

and wore broad-brimmed hats turned-up on one side and ornamented with ribbons?" Clue: They wear battledress now, but the chaps inside are just the same.

"Giles" Courage

THE sudden and untimely death of Brig.-Gen. Anthony Courage, D.S.O., M.C., Croix de Guerre, was the cause of personal grief to every past and present officer and man in the 15th Hussars, and also to all ranks of the 19th Hussars, the linked regiment since April 11th, 1922, also to a host of friends in and out of the Service, particularly to those in the polo and hunting worlds. He was a brave and very distinguished soldier; served in South Africa and in the First German war, going out with his regiment in the latter in the middle of August 1914, and being with it during that first phase in which the cavalry bore such a glorious part: Retreat from Mons, the Marne, the Aisne, first battle of Ypres, and afterwards the second and third battles of Ypres, commanding tank brigades, and, finally, the Hindenburg Line. "Giles" Courage was badly wounded in the second battle of Ypres, but went back as soon as his injuries permitted and saw the rest of it through. The 15th Hussars were first detailed as Divisional Cavalry, which meant that they were somewhat split up, but later were brigaded with the 3rd and 10th Hussars.

Polo—Hunting—Chasing

IN the field of sport "Giles" Courage was very famous, especially where polo was concerned. He was in all those four fine 15th Hussar teams which swept the board in the Indian Inter-Regimental 1902-03-04-05, as either the No. 1, No. 2 or No. 3—a great versatility indeed—at a period when the class was pretty hot, and many, who afterwards made their mark in a higher sphere of the great game, were to the fore: A. N. Edwards, Leslie Cheape, etc., as well as all that 10th Hussar talent. "Rattle" Barrett, later skipper of our victorious 1914 International side, was in command of these



D. R. Stuart

Squash Rackets Captains

N. G. Darrah (Pembroke), captain of Cambridge, beat R. V. Waterhouse (Magdalen), Oxford's captain, by three games to two. Darrah is also a golf Blue; Waterhouse is a naval cadet taking the University course

four 15th teams beforementioned, and other names in them which spring to one's memory are the late "Brooks" Hambro, afterward a Major-General; the late Lord Kensington, who won the Kadir on a little club-footed horse; Denis Bingham (tried for England in 1914), who won the Indian Grand National on "Rattle's" Cairnsmore, the year before "Rattle" himself won it on the late E. J. Marshall's Kipling—a dual winner, incidentally—so that there was plenty of high-class riding talent around and about. "Giles" himself was quite in the front rank, rode a good race between the flags a first-class man to hounds, a most successful joint-Master of the Bicester, and his polo career speaks for itself where the other department is concerned. He was one of the few people who have broken their necks and survived, and the fact that he did so is the more amazing in that

(Concluded on page 340)



University Rugger Match: Oxford Beats Cambridge



D. R. Stuart

Oxford beat Cambridge by 1 point in the ninth wartime Rugger match, played at Iffley Road, Oxford. The Oxford XV.: (on ground) R. Seidelin, R. A. Sladden; (front row) J. P. Herdman, H. A. K. Rowland, D. A. B. Carton-Sprenger (captain), A. H. Campbell, Rev. P. A. F. Vidal; (middle row) C. G. White, L. G. W. Drayton, B. W. Cole, D. S. Reid, M. P. Tahany, Lt.-Col. H. F. D. Sanderson (referee); (back row) J. K. Pearce, A. N. Haigh, D. A. Barker

The Cambridge team, seen above, after eight successive victories, lost the inter-Varsity Rugger match, the score being 6-5. On ground: P. W. Sykes, J. D. Coutts; (front row) E. Bole, J. F. Bance, J. M. Langham (captain), D. S. Ritchie, D. B. Vaughan; (middle row) P. A. Jones, R. R. Snell, W. D. Morton, D. A. Gardner, L. R. Wallace; (back row) C. D. Phillips, M. C. Leslie, R. H. Davies



London District Home Guard Hierarchy

Miles and Kaye

The above group was taken on the occasion of Lt.-Gen. Sir Arthur Smith's relinquishment of the command of London District on becoming C.-in-C. of an overseas Command. He is seen with the new G.O.C. London District, Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles Loyd, members of the Headquarters Staff, Sub-District Commanders, and Sector and Group Home Guard Commanders. Front row: Cols. C. G. Dalby, C.B., D.S.O., A. H. C. Swinton, M.C., A. M. Bankier, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., E. J. L. Speed, M.C., Brig. L. M. Gibbs, C.V.O., D.S.O., M.C., Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles Loyd, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Lt.-Gen. Sir Arthur F. Smith, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Cols. J. Whitehead, C.B., C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., Sir Douglass Brownrigg, K.C.B., D.S.O., A. C. R. Waite, M.C., W. H. Wynne Finch, M.C., H. L. Graham, M.C., the Hon. G. K. M. Mason, D.S.O. Second row: Lt.-Col. M. H. Grant, Cols. Sir Philip Carlebach, C.M.G., C.B.E., H. R. Oswald, M.C., R. Johnston, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., Lt.-Col. J. Jellen, Cols. A. Keevil, M.B.E., M.C., W. M. Mackenzie, the Hon. E. H. Wyndham, M.C., S. A. Smith, M.C., H. C. Smith. Third row: Col. K. W. C. Grand, Lt.-Col. I. D. Grant, V.C., C.B., D.S.O., Lt.-Col. F. Longueville, D.S.O., M.C., Cols. A. E. D. Anderson, D.S.O., M.C., R. Dunsmore, C.B.E., T.D., Sir Dudley Collins, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., P. E. Colman, D.S.O., M.C., Lt.-Col. E. D. Giles, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Major R. B. Mason, Col. R. S. Smart. Back row: Lt.-Col. B. S. Horner, Lt.-Col. W. Garforth, D.S.O., M.C., Cols. G. S. Hussey, M.B.E., M.C., E. T. Brook, S. H. Isaac, Capt. S. R. Brooks, Major J. C. Craigie, M.C., Col. Stuart Mallinson, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., D.L., Major the Lord Denham, M.C., Col. Archer Phillips

A FEW OF THE PEOPLE WE
HAVE GOT TO KEEP AN EYE ON
WHEN THE RACING SEASON
BEGINS—

JOE
LAWSON
CRANKING
UP THE
MANTON
BUS

MR H
KOUYOUNDJIAN'S

EVEN
WITH
OWNERS
UP!



Looking Ahead: By "The Tout"

Flat race fixtures for the first half of the season are practically identical with those of last year, and the same courses are to be utilised as in 1943. Joe Lawson trains a small but very select team at Manton, mainly belonging to Lord Astor, but Coastal Traffic, owned by Mr. Mercifield, is an own brother to Merchant Navy, and shows great promise. Fred Armstrong is in the first flight among Yorkshire trainers. Vic Smyth is sure to pick up races in the Southern Area when racing begins next month. Gustator belongs to "Steve's" patron, Mr. Kouyounjian, and should do well again this year. Jack Colling trains a useful "dark" Derby colt called Salver. Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen owns the well-named School Tie (Felstead—Yoke), who, with Rockfella and Abbot's Fell, is engaged in this year's Derby

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

he hacked home after doing it in a bad fall he got with the Bicester. The deepest sympathy goes out to his widow, a daughter of that great personality, the late Sir John Hewett, formerly Lieut.-Governor of the United Provinces, and President of the Meerut Tent Club, under whose auspices the Kadir is run. The eldest son, Nigel, was in his father's old regiment, and was seriously wounded in the operations before Dunkirk and taken prisoner, but is now fortunately back in this country.

A War of Initials

THE Services, one and all, have ever been addicted to trying to floor the humble civilian with quaint initials which, while they are an open book to them, have always been apt to addle the lay intelligence and leave it floundering. In this war, this particular form of torture has taken on an even more deadly shape. What does the ordinary "townie" make of some of these, done in quick time with no books of reference allowed? R.E.M.E., N.A.A.F.I., E.N.S.A., S.S.A.F.A., C.E.M.A., A.O. C.-in-C., A.T.S., A.T.C., R.O.C., W.V.S., W.R.N.S., W.A.A.C., W.A.A.F., N.F.S., E.L.A.S., E.K.K.A., E.D.E.S., A.D.G.B., and a lot more? The benighted civvy has no difficulty with D.A.Q.M.G., B.B.C., N.B.G., A.D.C., M.O.I., R.S.V.P., G.T.H., M.P., O.B.E., T.T.F.N., and a lot more that Tommy Handley and Mrs. Mopp know—but some of those others!

How They Bet

IF the recent quotations on the classic races are any indication, the ideas of one of our most knowledgeable fielders have undergone a slight revision. There is, of course, no three-year-old form yet to guide us, nor will there be till Easter Monday, April 10th, when the Upper Sixpenny Stakes over one mile is run at Windsor; so any figures must be just opinion. At the moment Orestes remains favourite for the Derby at 7 to 1 and for the Guineas at 5 to 1, but Happy Landing's price for the Derby has shortened from 12 to 1 to 10 to 1, and Fair Fame's from 14 to 1 to 10 to 1; and for the Guineas Happy Landing's from 10 to 1 to 8 to 1. Fair Glint remains steady at 16 to 1 for the Derby and 20 to 1 for the Guineas. Tudor Maid has displaced Fair Fame in favouritism for the Oaks, and is at 4 to 1 to the champion filly's 6 to 1. I prefer to wait till after Windsor before making any positive suggestion, but I think Orestes is a good bet for the Guineas, and I believe that a bit each way Fair Glint for the Derby would repay us!

Members of a Fighter Squadron

Famous in this War and the Last

• No. 85 night-fighter squadron, to which these men belong, is now commanded by W/Cdr. John Cunningham, D.S.O. and two Bars, D.F.C. and Bar, and not long ago celebrated its 200th victory in the air, by a party on the stage of the Globe Theatre, after a performance of Terence Rattigan's play *While the Sun Shines*. Formed during the last war by Major (now Air-Marshal) Billy Bishop, V.C., and commanded by Major Mannock, V.C., at the time of his death, the squadron took part in this war in air battles in France and in the Battle of Britain, and has destroyed well over fifty aircraft in night-fighting operations. W/Cdr. Cunningham, the first night-fighter pilot to win the triple D.S.O., and his observer, F/Lt. C. F. Rawnsley, D.S.O., D.F.C., D.F.M. and Bar, form a perfect team, and together have destroyed some twenty aircraft, mostly at night



S/Ldr. B. J. Thwaites, D.F.C.



F/O. H. B. Thomas



An Air Officer in the Royal Norwegian Air Force



F/O. E. R. Hedgecoe



F/Lt. C. F. Rawnsley, D.S.O., D.F.C.,
D.F.M. and Bar



F/Lt. T. J. Molony

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Yellow Star

ACCOUNTS of the ordinary German civilian's experiences, since 1939, will be some time in reaching us—in fact, can only reach us when their immediate value is past. There is much one would like to know about wartime life in Berlin, other German cities, provincial towns and the country-side. The enemy is the enemy, but nothing would ever stop me, personally, from wondering how other people make out: a German housewife's journal, schoolboy's diary, business man's engagement book, uncensored letter from friend to friend—how much I should like to handle any of these. Current books and periodicals, I imagine, would prove unsatisfactory reflectors of Germany day-to-day; nothing, for instance, so frank and so comprehensive as Mr. Hodson's *Home Front*, a picture of wartime England (reviewed two or three weeks ago in these pages) could be permitted, on the German side, to appear. And I doubt whether even a German Mr. Hodson could draw much from his compatriots at this time: the good German is, with reason, extremely cagy and, apart from that, his thoughts and his reflexes must by now be conditioned almost out of existence. Neutral travellers do, it is true, relay us some few impressions, fleetingly formed and, surely, tactfully biased by what the neutral feels we should like to hear. One loss for us, as against the immense gain of America's entry into the war, has been the cessation of reportage by Americans formerly at large in the Reich. Silence has fallen since Americans left.

I admit that in picking up *Escape from Berlin* (Gollancz; 6s.), I was stupid enough to be misled by its sub-title:

"The story of a German woman's day-by-day life in Hitlerite Germany during the war." Here, at last, I thought, is the missing book—the ups and downs of the ordinary Frau Schmidt at home, in the queues, at war-work, during raids, at parties (if any), as the wife of a soldier, the daughter of ageing parents, the mother of children at wartime schools. Without fear of weakening towards Frau Schmidt, I felt a preparatory interest in her career. Of course, a moment's reflection should have convinced me that such a book, at this juncture, must be impossible. The ordinary Aryan German does not escape from Germany: his or her fate, however dire, is inherent in his or her nationality, and in silence (where we are concerned) must be faced out. Records come only from those who, once loyal and energetic subjects of the pre-Nazi State, and with, as we would see it, full right to call themselves German in days when there could be good in the name, have been turned upon by the Third Reich, segregated and labelled as passengers to destruction by the compulsory sign of the yellow star.

Katherine Klein, author of *Escape from Berlin*, is, in fact, a non-Aryan

German who has at long last reached London. She writes not of the strains and tensions attendant, for any woman, on any war, in the enemy country as well as here, but of a closer nightmare, the ring drawn round, the persecution directed at each individual of her race.

What Next?

KATHERINE KLEIN'S self-told story is particularly moving, because it is that of an essentially normal woman subjected to abnormal experiences. Here was a person who, at the start, had no inherent reason to mistrust life—a young Berlin woman, happy in her marriage and in her own and her husband's work, with a charming flat, a healthy liking for pleasure, a wide and amusing circle of friends. Her husband was a doctor. "The practice flourished. It was a joy to be alive. We lived the ordinary lives of the ordinary free, peace-loving, democratic Central Europeans between the years of 1920 and 1932."

On from that year the scene darkened quickly, till much, though not the terrible all, of what was coming for Katherine Klein and those like her could be foreseen. One by one friends disappear from the circle: to get out, to start afresh in England or America, becomes the chief hope and aim. In the August of 1939, Dr. Klein, deprived of his home and practice, leaves for London; in six weeks his wife is to follow him. War breaks out; she is totally cut off, left to her own resources in a Berlin in which every Aryan's hand is against her. It is at this point that her journal begins.

Here was a woman involved, by force, in the war effort of a country at war, by all showing,



Owen Rutter, soldier, novelist and biographer, seen with his wife and daughter, is the man who writes the official Admiralty booklets about various branches of the Royal Navy. Before the last war, in which he served in the Army, he was North Borneo District Officer, and early in the present war he made several passages in merchant ships and escort vessels, collecting material for his books, which include "Red Ensign," "Ark Royal," and histories of the Fleet Air Arm and the Royal Marines

with herself and her race. Nazi Germany's war, as seen by her, was an attempted extension to Europe and to the world, of what was already inflicted on her people. Each German victory heightened her sense of doom. Living alone in one small room (which might at any moment be taken from her), working slave-labour shifts in a war factory, deprived of her wireless, nervous of seeing friends for fear of compromising or being compromised by them, she heard little, knew little and could not tell true from false. Ingeniously-devised humiliations mounted up along with restrictions with which it was all but impossible to keep pace. Worst of all, apparently, was the regime of fear—the unaccountable knock at the door, the swastika-stamped letter found on return from work, the convulsed face of the bully-official, the rumoured fate of friends suddenly seen no more—such things, and still more their cumulative effect, might well break every bone in the spirit.

Escape from Berlin, you may guess, makes painful—but not, to the author's credit, entirely painful—reading. For one thing, Katherine Klein remains a highly feminine, individual young woman; she does not become an abstract figure of suffering. And, further, she is not—though well she might be—queered. She tells of odd acts of kindness (such as the cake and the bar of chocolate left, with an unsigned letter, outside her door); infinitesimal let-ups; rare, but all the more precious, breaks in the stress and gloom. An Austrian holiday (on sick-leave) shows her that she has not, after all, forgotten

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I KNOW a man whom I can best describe as a vindictive optimist.

There are always silver linings to everybody else's clouds. It is always darkest before everybody else's dawn and rain is always the prelude to sunshine. We shan't see Dover for bluebirds—to-morrow. Everybody likes him—but nobody for very long. Optimism without proportion can easily become as depressing as pessimism secretly enjoying its own gloom. Personally, I would always like to burst in upon a vindictive optimist when he was suffering from toothache and held his January income-tax demand in his hand. I might then soothe him by that wisest of all the verbal comforts: "Don't worry; it may never happen." Only he would probably throw the ink-pot at my head. I might even add that "Time is the great healer," and thus make certain of the ink-pot. For I have discovered that optimists rarely like to warble in the same duet.

Pessimists get along much better together, and may, if their mutual misery be continued, eventually cheer each other up; being at last quite sick of the subject. Optimists, on the other hand, soar higher and higher and are rarely aware when they fly alone. For all of us live as the centre of a little world of our own, some smaller than others, and though most of us respond to the brighter side of our tribulations being painted pale pink, so to speak, we inwardly loathe it when someone outside our woe comes along to daub them bright scarlet. That all-for-the-best-in-this-best-of-all-possible-worlds can, on

By Richard King

many occasions, sound just silly.

Even the Christian virtues are better for a *nuance*. I cannot conceive anything duller than the proverbial copybook full of clean sheets, unless it be one entirely composed of blots. Saints in pictures usually exhibit about as much character as a worm's corpse and look equally lifeless. Sweetness and light which have had no experience of bitterness and despair can rarely illuminate anything more responsive than a kindergarten. Sympathetic understanding cheers us up far more effectively than boisterous good cheer. Many a person, who has cried "Seasonable!" to a companion blue with cold or fainting from extreme heat, has run the risk of being murdered.

Yesterday, my vindictive optimist slapped me on the shoulders (a thing I hate, however indicative it may be of human fellowship!) and cried: "Well, I bet you this ruddy war will be over by Christmas." (Why always Christmas? Why never Easter? Why never, never the second Sunday after Epiphany?) And I felt that a German victory on December 24th would, on my side, ease our friendly situation. I don't like unconsidered optimism any more than I like unconsidered pessimism. Both imply a lack of logic and experience. "Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all" falls on the deaf ears of a wife whose husband has eloped with a Waaf. Nobody really likes being hauled out of gloom before the time is ripe.

(Concluded on page 344)

Clothing Centre

The S.S.A.F.A. Central Depot in London



In the "control room" of the S.S.A.F.A. Central Clothing Depot, Mrs. Seary-Mercer discusses with Col. Wynter, D.S.O., and Miss Margery Hollebone the business for the day

The Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association has a very able honorary organising secretary in Mrs. Graham Seary-Mercer. She has worked in the Belgravia workroom since 1919, and two years ago took control of the Association's Central Clothing Depot in London. The hon. secretary is Col. Wynter, D.S.O., and Miss Margery Hollebone is in charge of all clothing distributed to the various branches in the country. The Queen was an interested visitor a few months ago to the S.S.A.F.A., of which the helpers are for the most part voluntary



In the layette room, Mrs. Carro, Mrs. Potter, Miss Keith-Fraser, Lady Ursula Horne and Mrs. Henry Hoare go through the stock in hand



Mrs. Sanders works the electric machine which enables her to cut out 356 garments at a time



Mrs. Cyril Lakin, wife of the M.P. for Llandaff, her daughter, Bridget, and Mrs. Mitchell deal with gifts from the U.S.A.



Mrs. Grey helps to select coats for sending out with Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox, whose sister-in-law, Hilda Duchess of Richmond is acting chairman of the S.S.A.F.A.



In the distributing room, Lady Kell, Mrs. Clay, Mrs. Hallet and Lady Riddell-Webster, wife of the Quarter-Master-General, measure the garments to suit individual requirements before despatch to the packing-room

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 330)

lunch or dine at the Ritz, the May Fair, or surrounding restaurants, you no longer come and go in a "Rolls"; these days it is the good old London omnibus. The Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort were two I saw taking advantage of this form of transport after lunch, and joining cheerfully in a long queue. The Countess of Cottenham, looking very pretty with a gay scarf round her head and warmly wrapped in a fur coat, and woolly boots, was also in the queue chatting to friends. Miss Rosie Newman (a sister of Sir Cecil Newman), who has raised so much money for charity with her wonderful travel-films, was another waiting for the bus. Luckiest of all the queue-ers was Viscount Stavordale (in uniform, as he is now doing a Staff job in London), who arrived at the stop just as his bus drew up, and was able to jump straight on without waiting: the queue were apparently too surprised to mind.

Naval Hero on the Stage

TAKING over Ivan Brandt's part in *Panama Hattie* for a short period is Lieut.-Cdr. Ronald Fortt, Bath Rugger player and holder of the George Medal and Bar awarded for gallantry in circumstances which have, perchance, to remain secret for the time being. Cdr. Fortt was recently invalided out of the Navy. Formerly he appeared on the West End stage with Leslie Banks in *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, at the Shaftesbury, and in *Once a Crook*, with Gordon Harker, at the Aldwych, and it was fortunate that he was free and able to take over Mr. Brandt's part at such short notice. At the end of his first performance he was introduced to the audience by Miss Bebe Daniels, who plays the name-part in the show, and loudly cheered.



London Wedding

Mr. Ronald W. R. Smale, son of Eng./Cdr. and Mrs. W. G. Smale, of Cheam, married Miss Joan Daphne Flatt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Flatt, of Cheam, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Country Wedding

Dr. J. A. Partridge and Miss Francesca Brock were married at St. John's, Boxmoor. She is the daughter of the late Cdr. F. A. Brock, O.B.E., R.N., and Mrs. Brock, of Boxmoor, Herts.



Married at Caxton Hall

G/Capt. Richard G. Shaw, A.A.F.; son of the late Sir Walter and Lady Shaw, of Wimborne, Dorset, and Mrs. Corisse Cherry, daughter of Sir Robert Rankin, M.P., and the late Mrs. Rankin, were married on March 4

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 342)

how to live. Most of all there is the exuberant kindness of the American, Harriman, who helped her to combat fear and to believe in herself, and to whom ultimately she was to owe her escape. . . . Mrs. Klein endured those Berlin years dry-eyed: it was a Zürich fruit-shop, seen in her first hour of freedom, that made her burst into tears.

"An Army is Quite a Thing"

"THE BATTLE IS THE PAY-OFF," by Ralph Ingersoll (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.), is about the American Army as an army. It is written for the civilian, and it describes the process, mental, physical, moral and psychological, by which the civilian becomes a soldier, and what the soldier does next—which is, go into battle.

The serious objective of this book [the author says] was to show the connection between the creating and training of an army—an experience in which the whole of the American people share—and what an army is for: battle itself. Only in battle can the people of the world now impose their collective will on the murderers and plunderers who undertook to impose their collective will on us.

The address, you will see, is to the American people. But so far as I know, no equivalent of *The Battle is the Pay-Off* exists for the British, and we should be foolish to miss what is to be learned here.

This war is being fought, for the greater part, by civilians turned soldiers. The metamorphosis makes them disappear, partially, from the civilian, who retains the civilian's view. Between experience and accounts of experience there must remain a gulf—widest for the American people, far from the theatre of war, but wide for all of us who remain at home. The technicalities of modern warfare are, in themselves, defeating to those outside: we may perhaps allow them to be surrounded by an unnecessary mystery. To understand what is happening is difficult—Capt. Ingersoll does not see it as hopeless. Formerly journalist and editor of *PM*, he now, as civilian turned soldier, gives an account of action in which he took part: one day in one episode of a vast campaign. But this is led up to in two important ways; he describes what it feels like to have become a soldier, and he explains in simple language, from A to Z, the constitution of an army. Nothing remains esoteric.

In the course of the Tunisian campaign, an American force was ordered to attack a steep and narrow mountain pass in such a fashion as to take the defenders in the rear. This force consisted of Rangers and combatant engineers: to the latter Capt. Ingersoll was attached. Orders were received at Gafsa; the force moved off in the evening and advanced by moonlight. At El Guettar the road to Sfax (running through the funnel to be attacked) left the road to Gabes; between the two, in the widening V, were American minefields. The mines had to be removed against time, before a further advance:

The men on their hands and knees in the moonlight were working their way across the sand, stabbing into it with their bayonets. They drove their bayonets into the ground exactly as if, instead of looking for mines, they were cutting asparagus stalks. The men knew where these mines were because they were the same men who had laid them—that is, they knew *about* where each mine was, and the sergeant had a diagram on a piece of paper which he could light a match to look at. To find each mine, the men had to remember not simply *about* where each mine was, but *exactly* where it was, in relationship to some stone whose shape could be remembered. Since no one could remember to the last inch where each and every mine was, the men had to hunt for them with their bayonets.

When a bayonet struck the metal of a mine, the man felt it in the handle. Then, very delicately, he could scrape away the dirt, lifting out handfuls of it, and finally touching the metal and feeling the round shape of the mine and the metal cross-pieces of the spider. . . .

In such a manner is the whole story told—the single-file ascent of the cliff-steep heights, the occupation of the saucer-shaped plateau—early morning, noon, afternoon, noise, glare, patches of sleep. "Marching and waiting are what battles are made of—for the soldiers and the junior officers who do the fighting in them. The killing and the getting killed are the punctuation marks between long sentences of waiting and marching, marching and waiting. . . ."

This war has been rich in descriptive journalism: I find it hard to define, even suggest, why *The Battle is the Pay-Off* is something more. Capt. Ingersoll shows Americans fighting—how, why and for what they fight, and under what conditions they fight best. He has been asked, he says, by American civilians, who know he had formerly, as a correspondent, seen the British, Russian and Chinese armies in action: "How does our army compare with the other armies you have seen?" To this question he replies in his last chapter, with excellent直率, decency, realism—and pride. This must be a book America wanted, but it has much for us, as her ally, too.

Charm and Crime

THE to me, and to Col. Primrose, always irresistible Mrs. Latham has quitted Washington to winter in San Francisco, her elder boy, now in the U.S. Naval Air Arm, being based there. In *Siren in the Night* (Crime Club; 7s. 6d.), Leslie Ford combines, with the latest of Grace Latham's adventures, a brilliant picture of the wartime Pacific coast. San Joaquin Terrace, high over San Francisco, with its fantastic architecture and its ladies in gardenias and chiffon slipping around o' nights, features two murders during Grace's first week in residence! Col. Primrose is, happily, within call. . . . My admiration for Leslie Ford's writing has been enhanced by *Siren in the Night*.



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Once upon a time...

... we used to fling our clubs into the back of the car and make for the 1st tee toying with ingenuous hope . . . for surely the magic moment had at last arrived when we would keep our heads glued down and swing so slowly that the ball would be caught unawares? Golf was a grand game, good to play but equally good to remember. That first shot with the new spoon, that seemed to have taken wing for ever. That heavenly evening on a seaside course (was it Harlech, or Saunton?) when nothing could go wrong. That two at the short hole Bernard Darwin praised . . . Tired and thirsty, we were happy members of a friendly Parliament, the 19th, where theories blossomed and the sole Opposition was an ancient military man with the curious name of Bogey. And when our other enemy is completely in the bag, we shall head once more for the 1st, probably in light aeroplanes, and certainly in tweeds as comfortable as battle-dress and forty times nicer. from



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• The lucky owner of Max Factor beauty preparations found her housecoat of brilliantly printed angel-skin at Fortnum and Mason. First favourites of her trousseau are the tucked chiffon nightgown and the cami-knickers, one of white crepe suzette, the other of wine-coloured chiffon trimmed with pale-grey bows and piping, all from Debenham and Freebody; a second nightie of pink crepe suzette, cleverly gathered on the bodice into bands of pale-blue satin, from Marshall and Snelgrove; and some bootees in wool crochet with thin soles—easy to pack and only two coupons—from Fortnum and Mason. A lovely present for any bride is the "lingerie" cushion of lace-covered satin. Fortnum's still have a large selection of these of all shapes and sizes.

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of white on
slim two-piece
dresses



(Above)

For every "coming occasion" wear this outstanding model in satin-back crêpe, swathed through to back belt. White piqué pipings and collar detach for laundering. Navy/white only. Hips 36-40.
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(Left)

Detachable twin butterfly bows of white piqué lend charm to this two-piece of light-weight wool. Long, slim jacket is shirred and three-quarter sleeved. Skirt pleated at back. Navy/white, black/white, cocoa/white. Also in duck-egg/self and gold/self. Hips 36-40.
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Stories from Everywhere

THE boys thought it would be great sport if they could fool a well-known naturalist. They killed a centipede, then glued on to it a beetle's head, the wings of a butterfly, and the legs of a grasshopper. They packed it in a box and took it to the great man.

"We found it in the fields," the leader of the group explained. "What is it?"

"Ah," said the naturalist. "Did it hum when you caught it?"

"Oh, yes," came the answer.

"Then," said the naturalist, "it is undoubtedly a humbug."

THIS YARN IS BY WALTER WINCHELL, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN COLUMNIST:

AMERICAN airmen who have been bombing Germany are a little tired of the sameness of German communiqués. They've cooked up this one for Dr. Goebbels: "A huge swarm of American and British bombers, intent on their usual mission of bombing hospitals and churches in the Reich, was intercepted and completely destroyed today by a small number of German fighter planes. Springing to the defence of helpless civilians, the Luftwaffe pilots shot down more than 300 of the giant attacking planes, and left the remaining fifty so badly injured that they were unable to return to their bases.

"None of our gallant German planes or pilots was injured.

"One of our cities is missing."

THE NOVICE AT TROUT FISHING HAD HOOKED A VERY SMALL TROUT AND HAD WOUND IT IN UNTIL IT WAS JAMMED AT THE VERY END OF HIS ROD.

"WHAT DO I DO NOW I'VE FINISHED WINDING?" HE ASKED HIS FRIEND, AN EXPERT ANGLER.

The other snorted: "Climb up the rod and stab it!"

A UNIVERSITY professor was invited to join his students in a game of cards. It was agreed that each player should start by putting sixpence in the "kitty." All did so with the exception of the professor.

Although he was known to be absent-minded, the students were not going to let him get away with that, but not liking to tell him they pretended to argue among themselves as to which of them had not paid the stake. The professor listened for a moment or two, then quickly withdrew one of the coins from the "kitty."

"If you young men are going to quarrel," he said, "I'm going to take my money back!"

A MAN drew a lucky elephant in a sweepstake. He had three wishes, so he rubbed the elephant once and asked for a thousand pounds. The money dropped right into his hand.

He rubbed it again and asked for something that money cannot buy—a crate of bananas. This appeared instantly.

Then he thought he had better ask for something that would benefit the whole of humanity, so he said: "I'd like to kill Hitler."

The next post brought his calling-up papers.

Two waiters were standing by the table over which the tired diner had fallen asleep.

"I've already wakened him twice," said the first waiter, "and I'm going to wake him a third time."

"Why don't you have him taken out?" suggested the other.

The first waiter shook his head.

"Not likely," he whispered. "Every time I wake him up he pays his bill."

Two small boys—aged four and six—had been chafed and packed off to bed in a very sulky mood. Their mother, in the next room, could hear the voices of her offspring.

"Do you," asked the younger boy, "love our mother?"

There was a long silence, while mother breathed heavily in suspense.

"Well," said the elder, very grudgingly. "I like her cooking!"

After having worked his way up to a high Government position, a man

visited the village where he was born.

"I suppose the people here, Tom, have heard of the honour that has been conferred on me?" he asked an old schoolfellow.

"Yes," was the gratifying reply.

"And what do they say about it?"

"They don't say anything," was the reply, "they just laugh."



Alexander Bender

Mary Jerrold celebrates her forty-eighth year on the stage next month, having made her first appearance at St. James's Theatre in the year 1896. For the past two years, Mary Jerrold has been in partnership with Dame Lilian Braithwaite as the sinister sisters Brewster in "Arsenic and Old Lace" at the Strand Theatre. Widow of Hubert Harben, their daughter, Joan, is now in "A Soldier for Christmas" at Wyndham's



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Airstimates

THE publication of the Air Estimates was in peace time a moment when many facts about the Royal Air Force were issued to the public. Now it is a more restricted process. For obvious reasons nothing can be said about the strength or even about the money required, but Sir Archibald Sinclair made the best of a difficult job when he introduced the estimates.

I always feel that the official spokesmen are somewhat restricted by one or two unfortunate lapses in logic that have occurred in official propaganda. For instance, one of the problems is to harmonize the statement that when we are bombed, it stiffens our resistance, and when the Germans are bombed, it weakens them for the final blow. What is the truth? Surely it is that bombing can never stiffen a people's resistance. When we claimed this during the earlier blitz it was presumably intended as a sort of tonic to make people imagine that the German was wasting his time. At that time we were not so much concerned in fitting our public statements to the possible change in the situation that has now occurred and in seeing that they suited circumstances in which we were delivering blows and the Germans were receiving them. It is really another illustration of a thing I am always mentioning, that directly propaganda departs from objective fact it is given two edges and one never quite knows which edge is going to be sharpest. If one superimposed the public statements made during the blitz on Britain to the blitz on Germany now in progress, one would conclude that our prodigious air effort were merely stiffening German resistance and making the German people more obstinate in their will to hold on. But my own reading is that the blitz on Britain did not stiffen our resistance, that on the contrary it weakened it and that the present blitz on Germany is weakening German resistance very considerably.

Sir Archibald Sinclair produced some good stuff in his remarks and he was especially encouraging about the possibility of obtaining air supremacy. As usual he phrased his remarks very felicitously, but I



F/Lt. F. T. Collins (centre) had his father, W/Cdr. J. V. Collins, and his mother and small daughter with him when he went to an investiture to receive the D.S.O. He lost both his feet, during a raid on Malerme airfield in Crete, when in spite of his injuries he directed his badly damaged aircraft for four hours, bringing it safely home and saving the lives of his crew

was doubtful about his use of the word "talisman" when he said that air supremacy was the "talisman that can paralyse German war industry and transport." A talisman, I have always thought, is a charm which confers benefit upon the wearer rather than a weapon which destroys an enemy. However, this was a small point in a very fine speech.

A.D.G.B.

ONE of the matters which was revealed at the time of the Estimates was the structure of the Air Defence of Great Britain with Air Marshal Sir Roderic Hill as Commander. Hill has a record of experience which covers an extremely wide field and most people have known for some time that he had taken on this special task. I saw him correctly described in one of the papers as a mixture of scientific worker and practical man. That I think is a good description. He was always a fine pilot and had something of the quality of the famed Edward Busk, who was at Farnborough in the very early days of the first World War and had this faculty of combining a research outlook with fine manipulative skill at an aircraft's controls.

Giantism

IT is usually a bad sign when aircraft designers allow their machines to grow inordinately. The Mosquito crew's report of the new German Heinkel was a shattering document and had to be read to be believed. I had heard nothing previously about the design of this five-engined enormity and it is difficult even now to understand precisely what purpose it can serve with any efficiency. The Messerschmitt 323 was bad enough and wrecked all preconceived notions of what a good aeroplane ought to be, but this new growth is far worse. It seems that it is a tug and was found towing some of the Gotha gliders which are also somewhat unwieldy in pattern. It is most strange to think that the Heinkel company which was responsible before the war for one of the most perfectly streamlined of the earlier low-wing monoplanes should descend to sticking wings and engines all over the place.

R.A.F. Revue

A REVUE staged at the Winter Garden Theatre by a southern Royal Air Force station was well reported on by the critics, though I did not myself have an opportunity of seeing it. These Service efforts are usually divided between the extremely good and the extremely bad. It is most difficult for people who are serving on a station to get together a really efficient and effective show, but they do occasionally succeed in doing it and it seems that this show was good. The company which performed the show at the Winter Garden was 90 per cent amateur and rehearsals had to be sandwiched in between watches. The central theme was the topicalization of traditional pantomime characters.

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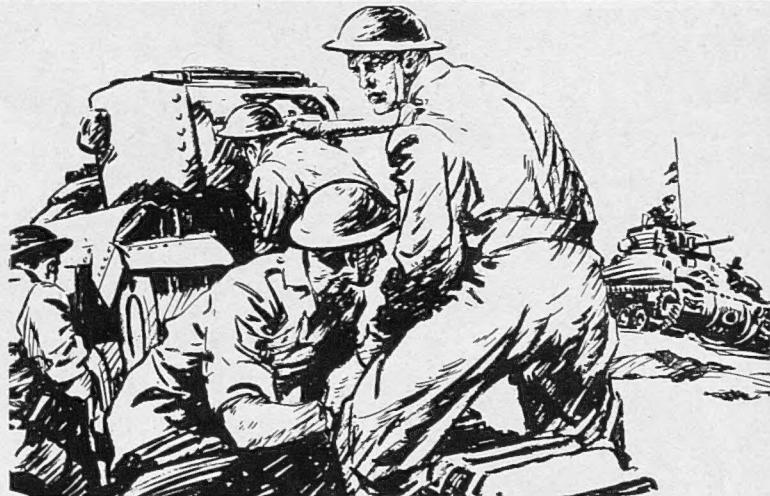
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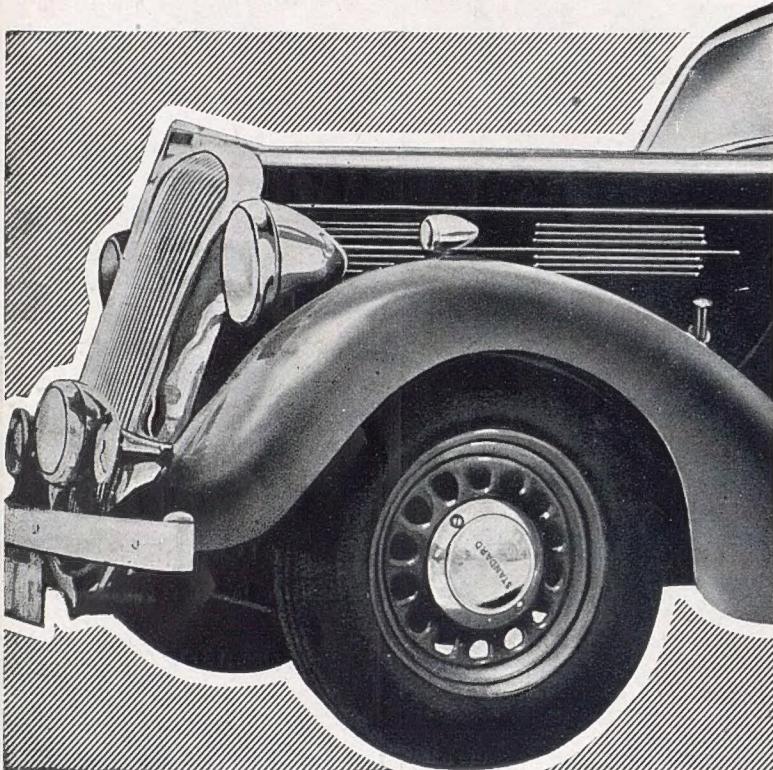
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